

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, April 13. 1710.

I Thought to have done with Dr. Sacheverell, and to have assisted Time to help you forget all the Hurries the Nation has been put into about him — But his Party will not let us forget him ; they dread nothing more, than that these Things should be laid asleep, and that talking no more of him and his Party, the World should return to their wonted Peace, or to use her Majesty's most happy Expression in her Speech to the Parliament, That every Body should *stay to be quiet, and do their own Business*, &c. They know, that if the Memory of this Broil wear off, it leaves them where it found them, and they'll get no Ground by the Fray — Nay, they will lose by it. — And therefore their whole Power is every where exerted to keep up the Quarrel, and

to keep the Spirits of the People in continual Agitation.

Some Instances of this you have in their little Country Mobbs, where they have attempted to carry on the Feud, and insult the Government — But their darling Step is their new Essay at Addressing — This began in Gloucestershire, where a very small Number, Fifteen was the most, sign'd an Address to the QUEEN, in Terms which however specious, discover their Design ; and where they have their full Swing at the Construction of it among the Country People, they make it answer their Desire. Our wise C — C — I have thought fit to aid and assist this Party by setting their worthy Example before them — And mighty busie they are now all over England, *in being the Affire*

Affire Time, to procure the Justices and Grand Juries to imitate the Example—Hitherto we have seen much of the Attempt, but little of the Success—In Abundance of Places they have been baulk'd; the County of *Surry* has refused them, *Sbropshire* has gallantly and handsomely rejected them with Scorn, *Devon* cannot be brought to it—Even in *Higb-Flying Suffolk* they begin to doubt of carrying it, and in *Essex, Hartford*, and *Cambridgeshire* despair of it—And if my Intelligence throughout *England* and *Scotland* fail me not, they will effect it but in few Places.

But how many would the Addressers be, if it was offer'd to the Gentlemen of *Britain* to thank her Majesty for her Gracious Speech, for her vigorous suppressing Tumults and Riots, and to express their just Detestation of the riotous and rebellious Practices of this Party? — The Lieutenantcy of *London* is beginning this, and if it were needful, few Towns in *England* would stick out—As, (1.) really, *Gentlemen Higb Church*, this clamouring and teizing your Sovereign with Addresses, is of no Service to you. Did not you address *King James* in the same Manner? — And what Help had he of you when he wanted you? — It may suffice to advise you — Let the *QUEEN* alone, her Majesty KNOWS YOU; she will believe as much of what you say, as any Body with their Eyes open ought to believe. And really, *good People*, that is but a little; and perhaps he that believes much, believes more of you, than you believe your selves.

I cannot but liken these Addresses to some late Books written by Mr. B. . . , against the *Quakers* — Those they were wrote for would not read them; those they were wrote against did not value them; those that read them did not understand them; those that understand them did not like them; those that lik'd them would not buy them; his Friends would not vindicate them, his Enemies would not trouble themselves to answer them, and he that wrote them did not believe them; and all this, but the last, was from the Character of the Author.

Just thus goes it with our Addresses—Those you make them FOR are not fond

of them, those you make them AGAINST laugh at them, those you make them TO do not value them, those that sign them do not understand them, those that understand them do not like them, those that like them do not believe them—And all this from the Character of the Party.

Go on then, wretched Disturbers of your Country's Peace—*Te Higb-Flying Faction*, and make your selves *more*, and *more*, and *more* contemptible every Day, till at last you force the Representative of *Britain* to incapacitate you as common Disturbers, and to make some Law effectually to disable you from farther insulting the Country—And pray remember, there is another Session of this Parliament to sit; and *tho' it is known*, and the Author of this Paper tells you *he knows*, what Agents you have sent, and on what Errand over the Kingdom, to poison the Heads, and debauch the Principles of the poor Country People against a new Election, *for that is what you drive at*; yet assure your selves, a Method will be taken to open the Eyes of the innocent People impos'd upon by this Clamour, and you shall not fail to be shown in your Colours as plainly, as effectually, and I hope, as much to your Disappointment, as you were at the last Tacking Affair, and the Election after it.

Mean time furnish your selves with Patience, and expect to meet with some immediate Mortifications; such as seeing some of your Mob soundly scourg'd through the Streets, and a few convey'd to the Gallows, whose Blood lies at the Door of your Party, for wickedly deluding them into a Belief of your acting for the Church and the *QUEEN*—Poor miserable deluded Creatures, and wretched abominable Deluders, as if pulling down Houses, and plundering her Majesty's Subjects was done for the *QUEEN*; and as if Tumult, Disorder, Confusion, and Contempt of the Laws was done for the Church.

Assure your selves, *Gentlemen Higb-Church Men*, every Man of you that encourag'd, that promoted, that abetted that Tumult, that did but hañsoo in that Rabble, and make One to carry it on; however Justice has not yet reach'd you yet; if one Man is executed

guted for that Rebellion, tho' he is justly put to Death by the Law, yet his Blood lies on you, he is murder'd by your Hands, and you have it to answer for— And you may lay it up in your Heart.

By our Law, if a Tumult is rais'd, and Resistance made against the Magistrate, the Civil or Military Power that comes legally to suppress it, if a Man be kill'd, tho' the Soldiers or Magistrates kill him, and he that is kill'd is One of the Rioters own Side;

yet it is Murder in every One of the Rioters, and every One of them may be try'd for killing that Man, and if found Guilty, must suffer as a Murderer.

Let these People, who prompted this Tumult, lay up this in their Hearts, against the Time they see Justice to be executed; perhaps it may move them to consider, how much more they merit the Gallows, or the Lash, than the poor People that they drew into the Mischief. *But of this hereafter.*

MISCELLANEA.

IN the Review, N^o 144. Vol. VI. p. 575, I took the Liberty to refer the World to some of Dr. Sacheverell's decent Expressions about the late Glorious King, in order to answer his bold Affirmation in his Speech, of his Loyalty to the Revolution; and there I told you, he said, *That K. William deserv'd to be DEWITTED, and he hop'd he should live to see it.*

To confute this, as some Folks call it, we find printed several Times in the *Courant*, and other Papers, a Certificate from three Gentlemen in the following Words,

Whereas in the Review, N^o 144. p. 575, It's said, That Mr. Samuel Eberall, at or near Birmingham, has declar'd, That he has heard Dr. Henry Sacheverell say of the late King William, That he deserv'd to be DEWITTED, and he hop'd he should live to see it. And whereas the said Samuel Eberall has often publickly declar'd in the said Town of Birmingham, that the said Words were spoken in the Presence of the Reverend Mr. Daggett, Rector of the said Town; Mr. Henry Porter, Mercer, and Father-in-law of the said Sam. Eberall; and Mr. Isaac Spooner, Ironmonger. We, whose Names are hereunto subscrib'd, do hereby testify and declare, That we never heard the said Dr. Sacheverell use any such Expression, nor utter any Words tending that Way. Witness our Hands this 31st of March.

W. Daggett.
Hen. Porter.
Isaac Spooner.

I had taken no Notice of this, but for the Sake of some who are busie, perswading the World, that because of this Certification, my Story must be false.

First, *Gentlemen*, I quoted my Author for the Words, and it is apparent, That Mr. Eberall being a Man of too much Courage and Honesty to be prevail'd with to deny the Words, and so throw it on the Review, several Attempts to bring that about, having, as I am told, been made upon him—The next Step is to defame and invalidate his Testimony; from whence I note,

1. The Certificate owns, That Mr. Eberall has affirm'd the Words, and does charge the *Doctor* with saying them; so the Review is justify'd from their own Mouths—and stands clear; for which unusual Justice I cannot but thank them.

2. They do not go about to clear the *Doctor* of the Words, but to clear the Gentlemen of having heard them; I know there is an Intimation, that Mr. Eberall having slander'd those Gentlemen, may also slander the *Doctor*—But I must say this in Behalf of Mr. Eberall, tho' I know him not at all—I never heard that he reported, the Words were spoken in the Hearing of such and such Persons—
And what then? — *The Words were spoken, that*

that he is positive in, and I see no Attempt to deny the Words; if these Gentlemen had a Mind to clear the *Doctor*, why do they not bring an Affidavit or Certification against the Fact, and that he never spoke the Words.

And could they do that—which I believe the *Doctor* will not dare to give—yet it is not difficult, even from the Dr's own printed Works, to bring the most inveterate Taunts, and the most scandalous Reproaches, both upon that late Glorious Monarch and the Revolution, as can be imagin'd; such as amount to very little less than what is quoted above, and such as are utterly inconsistent with his Pretences of Zeal for the Revolution—*Ex Ore tuo*.

Advertisement.

MR. C. D. who left a Letter for the Author of this Paper at a Booksellers in Cheapside near the Poultry, may receive an Answer at the same Place, if he pleases to call for it.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHereas great Industry has been us'd to suppress this Paper, by several Members of a Party, to whom it is particularly Grievous to hear too much Truth——By whose Art the Publication of it has so far been stop'd, that none have been to be had, either of the Hawkers, or Shops where other such Papers are sold.

These are to give Notice, That for the future, over and above the usual Number deliver'd by the Publisher,——A certain Number shall be left at Mr. *Nathaniel Cliff's*, Book-seller in Cheapside, near *Mercer's-Chappel*, and at *Mrs. Pye* at the Sign of the *Golden Perriwig* at *Charing Cross*; where any Gentlemen may be supply'd either with single Reviews, or whole Volumes, as they please.

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He is to be spoke with, the Forenoons every Day at his House, at the *Golden Ball* by the Ship Tavern in *Prescot-Street* in *Goodmans Fields*, *London*. And the Afternoons at the *Golden Ball* over against *Cheapside-Conduit*, near *St. Pauls*.

N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the said *Mr. Christopher Bartlett*, lives at his House in *Goodman's-Fields*, and is very skilful in the Business of her own Sex.